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From the Edinburgh Magazine.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JAMES HOGG.

(Continued from p. 279.)

IN an age when men, eminently endowed, spend their lives in the most minute researches into inanimate nature,—when they traverse unknown continents to discover a new plant or animal, and with a zeal that success alone can satisfy, devote years to the analysis of a gas, and with a mathematical exactness describe the fracture of a stone, or the angles of a crystal.—we trust we shall be excused if we enter at some length into the literary history of a man who has attained to great intellectual eminence, in a way so extraordinary as to be, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of genius, full as they have often been, of deviations from the common currents of events. Terence, whose comedies are so justly celebrated for the delicacy of their wit, and the beauty and the purity of their style, was an African slave; but among the Romans, these slaves who displayed any superiority of talent, were trained to literature; and, in the family of an indulgent master, who gave him his freedom on account of his genius, he enjoyed all the means of intellectual cultivation which Rome then afforded, and mingled on terms of easy intimacy with the best society of that renowned city. The men who most

nearly resemble Hogg in their early history, are Bloomfield, and Ramsay, and Burns. The circumstances of Bloomfield were certainly not the most favourable for the growth of genius; yet we happen to know that there exist at this moment, in many of the workshops of this end of the island, a thirst for knowledge, and an acquaintance with the lighter branches of science, and the popular literature of the day, which is, in many instances, read with a feeling of its beauties, and criticised with a correctness and discrimination of taste, which those who have not had an opportunity of observing the fact, could not easily imagine. He, notwithstanding, overcame great difficulties by the native vigour of genius, and has certainly looked on nature with the eye of a poet, and has sometimes painted such of her forms, as fell under his observation, with considerable felicity. On the first appearance of the Farmer's Boy, an attempt was made, rather injudiciously, we think, to exalt him to the rank of Burns; yet not even the Colossal shoulders of Capel Loft have been able to sustain him at that elevation, and he has long ago sunk to his own level, in a region very far beneath the Scottish



poet, but greatly above his self-important patron. Allan Ramsay, the author of the finest pastoral of any age or country, was bred a hairdresser, and for sometime practised that ignoble employment, yet he lived in a literary city, and the stores of knowledge with which it abounded were open to him; and we know that Burns, so far from being illiterate, had acquired greatly more knowledge at twenty years of age than many of the young men who issue from our universities at the same period. He could not read the Greek and Latin authors in the original, but he knew much of what they contained through the medium of translations, and no man could better estimate their beauties; and he was most intimately acquainted with a number of the more elegant English authors. Hogg was placed at a greater distance from the common avenues to knowledge than any literary man with whose history we are acquainted; and indeed, calculating from the usual chances, they seemed to be shut against him for ever, even when he had arrived at manhood: for he could then read with difficulty, and could not write at all; and at an age when Terence had delighted Rome by the representation of the *Andria*, and Burns had composed his *Cottar's Saturday Night*, he was following his flocks among the mountains, equally ignorant of letters and the ways of the world; but he had genius within him, and the fairest page of the volume of nature lay open before him, and they were to him all in all.

We shall now resume the consideration of the *Mountain Bard*, which we were obliged to leave unfinished in our last Number from want of room. If this volume really be as meritorious a production as we then endeavoured to represent it, it may be asked why it had so little success on its first ap-

pearance? To this failure several causes contributed, not in the least connected with its merits; but the chief of these was the number of poets of the lower orders, who, encouraged by the success of Burns, swarmed in almost every village and parish of Scotland. Among this class the mania of poetry seemed to have become an epidemick, that required a salutary check. Some people confounded the *Ettrick Shepherd* with them, and gave themselves little trouble about the justice or injustice of the sentence; others, not less inconsiderate, compared the *Mountain Bard* with the first productions of Burns, with whom to attempt and to succeed were the same thing, and because it was unequal to them, they rashly concluded that its author possessed no genius.

It is not our intention at present to institute a comparison between two men, who seem to us to be dissimilar in all respects but originality of genius. For such a parallel a more proper opportunity will occur in the progress of this investigation; we shall only say now that Burns, besides the amazing superiority of execution, has been more fortunate in the choice of his subjects than the self-taught shepherd in these, his earlier productions. His poems generally describe manners, with which the world are more familiar than the legends of the *Mountain Bard*; and all saw the truth and the beauty of the picture, and received the work with partiality and favour, arising from the circumstances of the man, as well as from its extraordinary merit. We think, however, that each has chosen such subjects as his situation suggested, and it is curious that nature should have conferred on each the qualities of mind most suitable for perfecting his own species of poetry: On Burns, an eloquent pathos that finds the nearest way to the



heart, and never fails of its effect there;—on Hogg, a fancy that loves to hold its moon-light revels among the fays of a haunted glen; and as we think we may venture to predict, that Hogg will never equal the Cottar's Saturday Night in the same walk of genius, so we suspect that Burns could not have produced any thing similar to Kilmeny.

In forming to ourselves a fair estimate of Mr. Hogg's talent in the composition of these poems, we ought to remember that they are the works of an unlettered shepherd, produced while he was tending his flocks, when his reading was extremely limited; for, though he could not have been placed in a more favourable situation for receiving poetical impressions, and storing up poetical ideas, yet, as language is the instrument by which these are communicated to others,—in order to succeed in poetry, a man must understand the use and the handling of that instrument. But it is already more than time to adduce some specimens from the work itself in proof of what we have said of it. In Sir David Graeme, the first poem in the volume, we discover in the following stanza the rudiments of that talent for the description of mountain scenery by which the author has since so greatly distinguished himself.

“ The sun had drank frae Keilder fells  
His beverage o' the morning dew  
The wild-flowers slumbered in the dells,  
The heather hung its bells o' blue.”

In the ballad of Gilmanscleuch, which we think the best in the volume, the story is rapidly and interestingly told, and it contains some vigorous stanzas. It reminds us of the old and popular ballad of Chevy Chase, exhibiting much of the same distinctness of painting, and simplicity, and occasionally even elegance of language; and on it we are ready to rest his claims to poetry at that period.

“ Whaire ha'e ye laid the goud, Peggie,  
Ye gat on New-Year's day?  
I lookit ilka day to see  
Ye drest in fine array;

O ha'e ye sent it to a friend?  
Or lent it to a fae?  
Or gi'en it to a false leman,  
To breid ye mickle wae?”

“ I ha'e na' sent it to a friend,  
Nor lent it to a fae,  
And never man, without your ken,  
Sal cause my joye or wae.

I ga'e it to a poor auld man,  
Came shivering to the door;  
And when I heard his waesome tale  
I wust my treasure more.

His hair was like the thistle doune,  
His cheeks were furred wi' tyme,  
His beard was like a bush of lyng,  
When silvered o'er wi' ryme;

He lifed up his languid eye,  
Whilk better days had seen;  
And ay he heaved the mournfu' sye,  
While saut teirs fell atween.”

p. 33.

Gilmanscleuch's description of his sister displays the same power of bringing living images before the mind. But our limits oblige us to be sparing in quotations.

The combat between Adam o' Gilmanscleuch and Jock o' Harden, though unequal to the passage already quoted, is a piece of good painting.

“ O turn thee, turn thee, traytor strong;  
Cried Adam bitterlie  
‘ Nae haughtye Scott, of Harden's kin,  
Sal proudlie scowl on me.’

He sprang frae aff his coal-black steed,  
And tied him to a wande;  
Then threw his bonnet aff his head,  
And drew his deidlye brande.

And lang they foucht, and sair they foucht;  
Wi' swords of mettyl kene,  
Till clotted blud, in mony a spot,  
Was sprynkelit on the grene.

And lang they foucht, and sair they foucht,  
For braiver there war name;  
Braive Adam's thye was baithit in blud,  
And Harden's collar bane.

Though Adam was baith stark and gude,  
Nae lang-r cou'd he stande;  
His hand claive to his heavy sword,  
His nees plett lyke the wande.”

p. 42.

The Address to his Auld Dog Hector is full of a simple and affecting pathos. In our language there exists not a finer effusion of tenderness and affection to that faithful and devoted creature. Fully to enter into the spirit of this poem,



we must not think of the pampered puppy of the drawing-room, but of the shepherd's dog himself, who is often his master's only companion from sun-rise to sun-set, and, in a service essential to him, displays a zeal and fidelity that neither fatigue, nor cold, nor hunger, can diminish, and a warmth and constancy of attachment, that deservedly raise him to a place in his friendship.

"Come, my auld, towzy, trusty friend;  
What gars ye look sae douth an' wae?  
D've think my favour's at an end,  
Because thy head is turnin gray?"

Although thy feet begin to fail,  
Their best were spent in serving me;  
An' can I grudge thy wee bit meal,  
Some comfort in thy age to gae?"

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,  
We've toil'd an' helpit ane anither;  
An' mony a thousand mile thou'st run,  
To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

Ah, me! of fashion, health, and pride,  
The world has read me sic a lecture!  
But yet it's a' in part repaid  
By thee, my faithful, greatful Hector!

O'er past imprudence, oft alane  
I've shed the saut an' silent tear;  
Then, sharing ay my grief an' pain,  
My poor auld friend came snoovin' near.

For a' the days we've sojourned here,  
An' they've been neither fine nor few,  
That thought posses't thee year to year,  
That a' my griefs arase frae you.

Wi' waesome face, and hingin' head,  
Thou wad ha'e press'd thee to my knee."——

"Yes, my puir beast! though friends me scorn,  
Whom mair than life I valued dear;  
An' throw me out to fight forlorn,  
Wi' ill my heart dow hardly bear,

While I have thee to bear a part—  
My plaid, my heath an' heezle rung—  
I'll scorn the silly haughty heart,  
The saucy look, and slanderous tongue.

I'll get a cottage o' my sin,  
Some wee bit cannie, lonely biel',  
Where thy auld heart shall rest fu' fain,  
An' share with me my humble meal.

When my last hannock's on the hearth,  
O that thou sanna want thy share;  
While I have house or hald on earth,  
My Hector shall ha'e shelter there.

An' should grim death thy noddle save,  
Till he has made an end of me,  
Ye'll lye a wee while on the grave  
Of ane wha ay was kind to thee."

p. 183.

In these essays it has been our object to trace the progress of an extraordinary and self-elevated genius, and to mark the circumstances

in his situation which retarded or promoted the developement of its powers. Our remarks, therefore, have been rather historical than critical; yet we think the *Mountain Bard*, with all its defects, gave certain indications of the poetical eminence to which its author has since attained, and which the world has long ago recognized, though in some instances, perhaps, rather reluctantly. Hitherto we have considered his works, to a certain extent at least, with a relation to the situation in which they were produced; and we think it only justice to say, that no man so circumstanced ever composed poems of such merit. As we know he despises eulogy as much as he is raised above it, we shall henceforth bring him to the bar of an impartial criticism, without reference to any thing but the work before us; and we are satisfied the result will be as honourable to him as delightful to us.

When he began to write poetry he little thought of becoming author by profession, and he was led to it at last by necessity, not from choice. On the publication of the *Mountain Bard*, after various adventures, he rented a sheep-farm in Dumfriesshire; but from a succession of bad seasons, by which his little flock perished, and from other misfortunes which it is not the object of this memoir to enumerate, he was driven out from the possession in great destitution, and suffered severe anguish from the total overthrow of his hopes. In this season of despondency, he would have gladly hired himself as a shepherd, and again returned to the humble state of a servant, but the scandal of poetry had now attached to his name, and he could not find a master, as all judged that the man who had addicted himself to that thriftless trade, was unfit for any thing else, and to it they liberally ascribed the failure of his schemes, rather than



to the inclemency of the seasons, and the rack-rent of his farm. Nothing was now left to him but to endeavour to earn that morsel of bread by literature, which seemed to be denied to him in any other way; and thus circumstanced, he repaired to Edinburgh, not a deserter from his flocks, as he has been represented in some of our literary journals, but actually an exile from his native mountains.

But in whatever he was unfortunate, no man was ever happier in the possession of friends, and though they were then far from being numerous, that deficiency was fully balanced by their devoted attachment; and to this the valuable qualities of the man contributed not less than the admiration of his genius.

The first work that he published, after settling in Edinburgh, was the *Forest Minstrel*, a volume of songs written chiefly before he left the country. Not above two thirds of them are his own, the rest having been contributed by friends; and though some of them are good, the book attracted little notice, and is indeed the least meritorious of all his performances. *Lucy's Flittin'*, one of the most beautiful songs in the volume, is the production of Mr. W. Laidlaw. It displays such true

pastoral simplicity and natural pathos, that we think it deserves to be better known, and we believe that our readers will thank us for its insertion.

**LUCY'S FLITTIN'.**

" 'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'ing,  
An' Martinmas dowie had wind up the year,  
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' n't,  
An' left her auld master, an' neibers sae dear.  
For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer;  
She cam there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;  
An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,  
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.  
She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stannin';  
Right stair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;  
'Fare ye weel, Lucy,' quo Jamie, an' ran in,  
—The gatherin' tears trickled fast to her knee.  
As down the burn-side she ga'd slaw wi' her flittin',  
'Fare ye weel, Lucy,' was ilka bird's sang;  
She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',  
An' Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves among.  
'O what is't that p'ts my puir heart in a flutter?  
An' what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?  
If I was na ettled to be ony better,  
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?  
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mitther;  
Nae mitther nor friend the puir lammie can see,  
I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,  
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.  
Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,  
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;  
Yestreen when he gae me't, an' saw I was sabbin',  
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.  
Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy,'  
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:  
He cudna say mair, but just 'Fare ye weel, Lucy';  
Yet that I will mind till the day that I die.  
The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;  
The hare likes the brake, an' the braird on the lee;  
But Lucy likes Jamie.—she turn'd an' she lookit;  
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.  
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie an' cheerless!  
An' weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!  
His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle an' peerless,  
Lies cauld in her grave, an' will never return."

p. 15.

[*To be continued.*]

From the *European Magazine*.

**LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.**

By the author of *Extracts from a Lawyer's Port-Folio*.

**THE SPANIARD.**

**A**MONG the noble visitors assembled at Bareges near the French Pyrennees, none were more distinguished than the Conde Manuel del Tormes and his beautiful wife Juana. The disproportion of their ages, characters, and exteriors was a subject of surprise to every young cavalier, and of pity to every Spanish matron. His shrivelled fore-

head, bloated eyes, and cadaverous complexion, in which the jaundice of spleen and suspicion was added to the olive tint given by his native climate, afforded a fearful contrast to the soft youthful countenance of his consort. After a short and reluctant stay at these celebrated medicinal springs, the Conde suddenly announced his intended return to Madrid; where the pomp



attached to his high official station soothed his pride, and prevented the indolent ennui which diseased his imagination. While he addressed his commands to Donna Juana, a page entered with a small packet, which he received without casting his eye upon it and put it into his vest. But Juana saw it with very uneasy sensations, knowing that it contained a pair of valuable bracelets which a jeweller at Bareges had been privately ordered to prepare for her. Severely confined by her husband's jealous parsimony, she had been tempted to commit the fault common to inexperienced wives—the dangerous fault of trusting disobedience to secrecy. Either by heedlessness or design, the bracelets, which had never been intended to meet her lord's eye, had fallen into his hands; and a detection, aggravated by attempted concealment, would be the inevitable result. That quickness of invention so unfortunately peculiar to women, prompted her to shape a device which accident seemed to favour. Passing by the room where her husband usually took his siesta, or evening repose; she saw the door half opened, and the ill-fated packet lying on a writing-table surrounded with rouleaus and scattered dollars. The faint light admitted by the closed jalousies of the chamber discovered no one in it, but she heard the deep and slow breathings of a sleeper behind the drapery which shadowed a retired couch. Juana instantly took off her own well-known bracelets, folded and sealed them in a paper shaped like the jeweller's packet, of which the wax did not appear to have been broken. It would not be difficult, she believed, to persuade her husband that they had been sent for some slight change or repairs, and the jeweller's discretion might be secured. Secretly blessing Don Manuel's unusual want of curiosity and lethargick humour, Juana stole with a sylph's step into the dusky chamber, and without pausing to wonder at the numerous rouleaus, though the opportunity excited a smile, exchanged her packet for that which lay exposed upon the table, and fled back. But what surprise, perplexity, and dismay, possessed her, when she broke the wax and beheld, not the bracelets she had ordered, but a magnificent pair, of the rarest Peruvian gold enriched with a medallion representing a young man in a splendid English uniform! Its companion contained a cypher and coronet of diamonds. Could this be the jeweller's mistake, the stratagem of some gallant stranger, or part of a mystery managed by her husband? Whatever was the truth, her own imprudence and misfortune were irretrievable, as, on her cautious return to the chamber-door, she found it closed and bolted. In silent and profound agony, sharpened by the necessity of disguise, Juana awaited the return of her husband, whose countenance only expressed its usual sullen coldness, while he completed her confusion by enquiring for what purpose she had privately ordered the bracelets which a jeweller had delivered to his page. Unprepared, disordered, and conscious of error, Juana made a timid and hesitating reply, which, though strictly true, had all the aspect of falsehood. She alleged, that compassion for a distressed and deservig artisan, had induced her to order a pair of bracelets, which she had not thought sufficiently important to mention. Don Manuel heard her with a mysterious smile, and carelessly answered, that he had determined to leave Bareges because he had been required to cede the chamber usually allotted to his siesta, for the accommodation of one of the numerous strangers lately arrived at the venta where they lodged. This



last intelligence explained one part of the fatal mistake committed by Juana, and deepened the possible calamity. She had been seen, perhaps, by the new guest feloniously conveying away his jewels, and leaving in exchange a deposit which he might receive and expose as a token of preference! The loveliest rose-colour of modest shame spread over her cheeks at this thought, and her husband throwing the bracelets she had clandestinely purchased into her lap, smiled on her and departed in silence. This silence and this forgiving smile touched her innocent and generous heart with more remorse than his utmost bitterness could have excited. Softened by self-reproach into respectful timidity, she obeyed his commands to prepare for an immediate removal with unusual yet unaffected meekness. During their long journey to Madrid, she received no other notice than a cold monosyllable or an indirect glance, but the spirit of youth and innocence sustained her hopes and her efforts to conciliate. Many months passed without any recurrence to the unfortunate mistake at Bareges, when the English ambassadress gave a fête, which all the nobility of Madrid were invited to partake. Juana eagerly embraced the opportunity to seek a friendship with this distinguished lady, half determining to deposite the stolen jewels in her hands, that they might be restored to their owner by her aid. Many officers of high rank, attendants on the "Great Lord," were mingled with the assembly, whose chief attention was fixed on the Conde del Tormes' beautiful wife. With that quick and constant suspicion which creates the danger it fears, Juana imagined some peculiar meaning in the occasional glance of a young Englishman, whose military dress resembled the portrait in the bracelet. A thousand blushes pursued each other over her face, and her downcast, yet attentive eye seemed to give assent to the enquiry expressed by his. The gracious gaiety of the ambassadress encouraged her young guest to ask the name of this Englishman. "'Tis my brother," replied her excellency smiling, "and he dares not ask an introduction to any Spanish belle because he has forfeited my favour by his negligence." Juana hazarded another question which her entertainer's sprightly tone invited, and the ambassadress uncovering her arm answered, "He promised to bring me bracelets of your purest Peruvian gold for this night, and you see me without any!—Listen to his excuse and praise its ingenuity. He tells me that his usual infirmity of walking in his sleep seized him at Bareges, where he dreamed that a musick book lay before him, in which a Spanish ballad so strongly touched his fancy, that to distinguish the page, he left a folded paper in it; when he awoke, the packet which contained the bracelets intended for me, was gone. He remembers the room, the ballad, and the musick-book, in which he pretends that he deposited it, most accurately: and if I may believe him, the ballad was ————" "One of Lopez de Vega's," hastily interrupted Juana, and the musick-book was mine. We left Bareges suddenly before the owner of the bracelets could be guessed; but I have brought them to-night, hoping that your kindness might assist me in restoring them." The ambassadress, with a smile full of benignity and archness, received the bracelets from the young countess, whose blushes announced how much she doubted whether she owed most to the delicate invention of the brother or the sister. But during the remainder of the evening, her release from a dangerous dilemma gave an elastic ease to her movements, and



a new lustre to her countenance, of which more than one eye was fatally observant.

The gala extended far beyond midnight, and the brother of the fair giver was among the latest lingerers. Morning shone through the triellis of his balcony when he reached his bed chamber, where he saw, with great surprise, a large wooden chest, which had been brought, as his servant informed him, only a few minutes before his return, by three strangers, who had received his orders, they said, to lodge it there with great precaution. Our Englishman prudently dismissed his valet before he unfastened the lid of this mysterious coffer and raised the large folds of white linen within. Beneath them lay the lifeless body of Juana, in the rich attire she had worn at his sister's banquet, with a chain of Peruvian gold twisted tightly round her neck, and tied in a fatal knot. Her right hand wore a white glove; the left was bare and disfigured by deep wounds. —At this frightful spectacle a cry of horror escaped Clanharold: but presently collecting his disordered senses, he began to consider what was most expedient at a crisis so perilous. He saw the snare prepared for him, and had terrible proofs of the power, the malice, and the speed of the contriver. The vindictive jealousy which had sacrificed so much loveliness might also thirst for his life, though sheltered by his national importance and family distinction. In a few hours Clanharold had devised and executed the plan which appeared best fitted to his purpose, and several days passed without producing any rumour relative to Juana, except that she had left Madrid with her husband. When the Conde's departure was well ascertained, the young Englishman, whose pride had forbidden any step resembling a retreat, began to feel the policy of

quitting Spain. He was alone in his chamber arranging some important papers when his valet entered leading three armed agents of the police, who instantly conveyed him in a closed carriage to a secret prison. The Bishop of C—— received him there. "You are accused," said the prelate with a stern air, "of seduction and assassination; and though our principles of jurisprudence prohibit any disclosure of the accuser's name and communications, I love England and its laws too much to withhold my protection from an Englishman. Therefore I tell you your valet is your accuser. He saw you in the act of opening a certain coffer, and he directed us where to find it buried, in the orangery under your balcony. You grow pale, and he has spoken truth!" —"In England," replied Clanharold, after a short pause, "I should have appealed to its laws to protect me from imprisonment on an unconfirmed pretence, and to my reputation for an answer to such a charge. It is no boast to say, that Englishmen are not familiar with that ferocious passion which urges men to murder what they cannot possess or have possessed too long. When I tell you this, I only tell you that we are not monsters." Innocence itself would have shrunk from the Spaniard's eye as he answered. "You are aware, then, that he accuses you of assassinating a woman!" Clanharold felt the rashness of his speech and the inference it admitted, but baffled his inquisitor by retorting "can he prove it?" —Stung by the contempt in Clanharold's smile, the bishop exclaimed, "The proof of innocence rests with you. A female strangled and cruelly wounded was conveyed to your dwelling at midnight by men hired as accomplices, but now witnesses of the crime. I adjure you as a minister of justice, and as the friend of your nation's



honour, which your publick examination would endanger, to confess the truth. Where was the corpse deposited?"—"I know of none!" replied Clanharold firmly; nor have I admitted any knowledge of the men you name. I have held no secret and dishonourable intercourse in Spain either with the living or the dead. This is my answer, and the last I shall repeat." The prelate smiled indignantly and departed. But notwithstanding his first emotions of anger at the prisoner's haughty defiance, his habitual caution joined to some generous feelings, enforced, perhaps, by the respect due to Clanharold's nation, rank, and family, suspended his proceedings even beyond the usual degree of Spanish tardiness. Wearied with the misery of an imprisonment which seemed purposely protracted, Clanharold's pride sunk at length under the anxious entreaties of his sister, and he consented to avail himself of her aid. About this period, her husband's official station rendered another publick banquet necessary, and she studiously included the Bishop of C—— among her guests. In the chief saloon, where the most numerous and brilliant part of the assembly were engaged in the Bolero, a stranger suddenly entered, whose extraordinary deportment and attire fixed every eye upon him. A mantle of grey silk, strangley painted, wrapped round him; his feet were bare, and his head covered with a large hat of plaited straw, interwoven with flowers. This fantastick figure moved slowly round the room, looking wildly yet familiarly on the assembly, and waving the remnant of a white glove stained with blood. The females among the crowd endeavoured to hide themselves from the intrusion of a maniac, but a few cavaliers ventured to surround and question him. Still waving the glove, he only answered, "*My*

*Master's secret.*"—No one of the ambassador's household had seen this person enter, or could guess from whence he came; but the ambassadress leading the Bishop of C—— towards him, directed his attention to the fragment of a gold chain concealed in the stranger's breast. Dismissing every spectator, and closing the doors of the saloon, the bishop laid his hand upon the maniac's shoulder, and attempted to take the golden chain from his vest. With the same vague and fixed smile, he repeated, "*My master's secret,*" and covered it closer in the folds of his silk mantle. "Do you know this hall?" said the inquisitor.—"Yes."—"And the business of this night?"—"It is my master's secret."—"But what is your business here?"—"Mine is with you!" returned the stranger raising his large eyes with a dark fire in them.—"You are a priest, they say, and I want absolution for *My master's secret!*" he clenched his hands on his breast with a groan which expressed agony even to suffocation, and fell insensible on the ground.

The Judge had a heart worthy his high station among Christian priests, and an understanding superior to the errors of Spanish jurisprudence. He summoned his secretary and two confidential assistants, who conveyed the unhappy stranger to a chamber near the holy tribunal, and carefully recalled his senses. When his eyes opened, they fixed themselves on the mysterious chest, which had been placed before him by the prelate's order. "Has it struck twelve, and is all done so soon!—Well, carry it gently—my master is not yet at home."—"Carry the torch then," said the bishop's secretary.—"Here are three of us to take the chest."—"O the dead weigh heavy!—but we will have no torch; I know my way blindfolded." The attendants un-



derstanding the motion of their master's eye, raised the chest upon their shoulders, and accompanied their guide through the dark and intricate streets of Madrid, till they reached the house once occupied by Clanharold. Still preceded by the unknown, and followed by the bishop muffled up, they entered the bed-chamber where it had been first deposited. "Let us look at her again before we leave her," said the secretary affecting to apply his eye to a chink in the coffer. "It is my master's secret!" exclaimed the maniac, pushing him back with the strength of insanity—"but this gold chain will pay for absolution—take it father."—"Follow me, my son," said the bishop, "and the peace of penitence be with thee!"

At the middle hour of the next night Clanharold's musings were disturbed by the entrance of the prelate with a dark and severe countenance. He accosted him in few words, and announced the certainty of his secret but final trial on the following day. This information only raised the courage and the hopes of the young prisoner, who apprehended nothing so much as the obscure and slow progress of the holy tribunal. No pomp or circumstance was spared to render the judicial court imposing to the Englishman's feelings when he entered it; but those feelings may be well conjectured when he saw the chest which had been employed as Juana's coffin standing in the centre, and her husband at the bar. "Henry Viscount Clanharold," said the inferior judge rising solemnly from his seat under a dark canopied recess, "we cite you here to bear witness of the truth. Look on this man and answer us—are ye strangers to each other?" "We have never met before," replied Clanharold, evading a distinct reply to a question which he feared might criminate a man unjustly suspected.

"By the sanctity of that oath which we have imposed on your veracity, we require you to communicate all you know of this chest."—"I know not what are its contents," he answered, still seeking safety in evasion. The Conde fixed his slow eye on Clanharold as these words were registered, and drew his lip inwards with a ghastly smile. Three men were summoned next, and solemnly attested the conveyance of this chest, at midnight, to the English nobleman's apartment, and professed their belief, that it contained a treasure expected by him. His valet followed with a precise and accurate detail of the circumstances attending the opening of the lid, the groan which escaped his master, and the short stupor of agony which appeared to seize him, while excited by curiosity and suspicion he had watched his movements. Last came the miserable stranger, still clothed in his fantastick drapery, with the blood-stained glove in his hand, and the broken chain fastened round his neck. "Master! I have kept your secret!" he exclaimed and fainted. "Spare your efforts," said the Conde, coldly folding his arms over his breast—"this wretch can tell you nothing more than I avow. He knows his master's secret—he knows that an infamous woman left her husband's house on the eve of St. Blasius's festival, and returned to it no more."—"And you received her?" added the chief judge, addressing the English prisoner. "My lord," replied Clanharold—"I have already disclaimed the guilt imputed to me;—my roof has never been an asylum for infamy in any shape, and I know no Spanish woman to whom it is due."—"He prevaricates!" interrupted the Conde, forgetting his own danger in his zeal to criminate an enemy—"he has spoken falsely!—let him remember Bareges and the accommodating



kindness of his sister!"—A momentary blush passed over Clanharold's forehead, followed by a stern and deadly paleness.—"Under English laws," he said, directing his eyes towards the judges, "frenzy and desperation are not allowed to convict themselves; nor are the most plausible assertions credited without proofs. All the witnesses err. If they can certify the fact of an assassination, let them make known the manner, and name the victim."—"Beware!" said the bishop, the chief witness has confessed all. Do you venture to look upon this chain?" Clanharold instantly recognised a fragment of the woven gold so fatally employed round Juana's neck.—"You cannot deny that you have seen the instrument of an unhappy lady's death; this glove is the counterpart of one worn by her corpse, and the place of its interment is all we have to ask. You stand here, not as a culprit, but as an evidence against him; unless a contumacious silence renders you an accomplice. Where is the body of Juana?"

Clanharold remained silent till this question had been thrice repeated. To its last solemn proposition he replied, "If the Conde is accused of murder, I have no evidence to give, but I fully and firmly believe him innocent. I have seen no instrument of death, no place of secret interment, and to your last question I answer—my ignorance is absolute." The secretary of the tribunal recorded this declaration, while the only lamp which lighted the spacious hall of justice was gradually lowered over the coffin of Juana. Her husband shuddered and turned away his face, while the bishop, executing the most awful office of his temporal administration, advanced to pronounce his sentence. "Man-

uel del Tormes, accused and convicted by the assistants of your guilt; and you, Henry Lord Clanharold, subjected to the penalty of death by an obstinate concealment of murder, approach and lay your hands upon this bier."—They obeyed with contrasted, but strongly evident feelings. The Conde's livid lips shook as he attempted to speak; and raising his shrunk eye, he saw another witness standing before him. She wore the white habit of a nun, and extended her hands towards both the prisoners. "Judges! the Conde is innocent, and the Englishman has spoken truth. Juana was not wholly dead when the coffin was unclosed, and Clanharold's care revived her; but she could not enjoy even life where her honour was suspected. She escaped from her preserver to the convent of St. Blasius, where she found refuge without his knowledge or aid. She returns to the world only for a moment, to acquit a husband whose rashness was not without provocation, and a generous stranger whose secrecy hazards his life to redeem her honour."—Thus speaking, she raised her veil; and when the assembly had gazed for an instant on the beauty of the unfortunate Juana, dropped it again for ever.

But the Conde, fully convicted of a barbarous intent, was sentenced to a long imprisonment, which his self-devouring spirit rendered more bitter than death. His servant, the chief agent in the attempted assassination, died in the receptacle for lunatics, where the ambassadress had discovered him; and her brother quitted Spain in almost incurable dejection, execrating that fierce jealousy which, by urging innocence itself into dark and crooked paths, deprives it of its dignity and its security.



**TRIADS OF CIVILIZED LIFE;  
OR, RULES OF POLITENESS AMONG THE ANCIENT BRITONS.**

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

**I** HAVE translated the following article from the *Welsh Triads*, presuming that you will permit its insertion, as affording a curious specimen of antiquated rules of politeness; and you probably may be somewhat surprised at finding any thing in the style of a Chesterfield, as having existed in old times among the rude mountaineers of Wales. But, whatever comparison with the modern maxims of polite behaviour these triads may stand in, they present to our observation an important picture of the social habits of the ancient Britons; which, by being preserved in the *Monthly Magazine*, will become useful matter of record for the future illustration of our history.

I thought it might be presuming too much on the forbearance of yourself and your readers, or I should have gratified my own wish, by having the originals printed along with the translation, in order, by such examples, to extend the information of our possessing such various literary compositions, in a language that is neglected, and nearly unknown to the world.

MEIRION.

Dec. 1, 1817.

*Triads of Civilized Life; translated from the Original, in the Welsh Archaeology, vol. iii. p. 273.*

1. The three pillars of civility:—a respectful greeting, agreeably to manners and customs; an affectionate and welcome reception; and a polite demeanor, pleasing to the object of respect.

2. These three are the soul of civility:—respect, generosity, and pleasure.

3. The three indispensables of ci-

vility:—welcome, protection, and genuine politeness.

4. The three charms of civility:—vocal song, instrumental song, and information as to wisdom and amusement.

5. The three graces of civility:—wisdom, knowledge, and kindness.

6. The three greetings of civility:—compliment, inquiry as to the state and welfare of the person and his family, and an offer of entertainment.

7. The three salutations on meeting that are due, agreeably to civility:—those are. “be the blessing of God upon you,” or, “on your work and occupation;” whatever time it may be of the day, “be it good to you;” and, “may God be with you.”

8. The three salutations at parting:—“God be with you;” the day, according to its period. “be it good to you,” and, “fare you well.”

9. The three primary gifts of civility:—food, protection, and information.

10. The three universalities of lodging, agreeably to civility:—food, a bed, and a harp.

11. Three sorts of travellers, who should be variously accompanied, according to the modes and forms of civility, and the dignified usage of the nation of the *Cymry*: behind such as may be better acquainted with the way; before such as may be unacquainted with the way; and to give the right-hand side to such as may travel in company, as also to such as may be met on the way, and politely greeting in passing.

12. Three genteel usages that appertain to civility:—a mutually joining in song, a mutual consultation, and mutual conversation.

13. Three things, agreeably to civility, which ought not to be enquired after of such as shall be lodg-



ed:—from whence he came, his worldly concerns, and his journey.

14. The three claims of civility, and that from the last invitation, by such as shall lodge a guest:—three days' protection, maintenance, and kindness.

15. The three superadditions of civility:—dainties, mirth, and presents.

16. The three gains of civility:—love, and honour, and protection, when there may be need.

17. The three superaddition rewards of civility:—the favour of God, the favour of man, and the satisfaction of the heart and conscience of him who puts it in practice.

18. The three influences of civility:—love, gaiety, and generosity.

19. The three objects of civility:—the stranger, the pre-eminent, and the strayed from his way.

20. The three claimants of civility:—the poor, the feeble, and the female.

21. The three leading ones to demand civility:—the afflicted, the female, and the stranger.

22. The three that take the lead of the leading ones, as to civility:—the feeblest, the poorest, and the one whose language is not known.

23. The three primary dispositions of civility:—lodging, fidelity, and charity.

24. The three interrogators allowed by civility:—a chief, a female, and a fellow stranger.

25. The three privileged ones of civility:—a learned man, a religious man, and a child.

26. The three demands for the sake of which, with civility, cannot be refused:—for the sake of God and his peace, for the sake of him who demands, and for the sake of what may be possible by accident and chance.

27. Three persons towards whom civility is due, under the privilege of politeness:—a gentleman, out of re-

spect and honour to him: a female, as meriting kindness and protection: and a child, as meriting protection and instruction.

28. The three privileges of nobility, originating from the civil institution of the nation of the Cymry:—the privilege of primogeniture, of learning and sciences, and of praiseworthy achievements for the country and nation.

29. The three treasons against civility:—to accuse the person taken in to be lodged; to divulge his secret; and to break the three days protection, which protection shall be from the time when he is received to the end of three days, and thence to the end of sixty hours from the time of saying, "God prosper you," or, "God be with you," or, "may God increase his grace towards you."

30. The three common privileges of civility:—the protection of God and his peace, natural compassion, and the urbanity derived from the dignity of the nation of the Cymry.

31. The three peculiar privileges of civility:—kindness from affection, such as exists towards a female; instruction as towards a child, and any other that is ignorant; and a propriety of respect, as is due to an ingenious and splendid act,—as of a warrior who shall achieve an exploit, and the wise and skilful in improving sciences.

32. The three things, agreeably to civility, which ought to take place towards guests:—a kind-hearted reception, a ready supplying of wants, and friendly conversation.

33. Three things appertain to guests on taking their departure:—satisfied as to victuals and drink, directed as to their journey, and an increase of respect and good will.

34. The three whom a man ought to introduce at meat and in society with his guests:—his wife, his eldest son, and his eldest daughter, or such of those as may be, and he himself superintending.



35. The three usages first observed where guests resort :—water for washing the feet, a salutation of welcome by the heads of the family, and a chair at the fire-side.

36. The three things next to those :—his arms returned to the guest, a refreshment of meat and drink, and his bed shown to him, so that he may take the requisite bodily repose.

37. The three things mutually becoming in a host and a guest :—the being affable, the being silent, and the being unsuspicious.

38. The three protections of hospitality :—the protection of God and his peace, the protection of justice and charity, and the protection of the laws of politeness and civility of the nation of the Cymry.

39. The three salutations of blessing between a host and a guest :—at entering in, “the blessing of God in the house?” while in it, for every favour and friendly office, “the blessing of God be to you,” or, “God bless you;” and, on departing, “come with God’s blessing,” as an invitation for every civility.

40. The three answers of blessing :—“the blessing of God upon you; the blessing of God in grace to you;” and, “go and the blessing of God be with you.”

41. The three customary usages of guests :—a salutation under the protection of God and his peace, the putting off their arms, and the giving them into the hand of his host, and the declaring of his necessity and occasion, so that it may be known how to act towards him, and for him.

42. The three things which it is polite for a guest to give where he may come :—his arms, his name, and his origin; and, where he doth so, he has a right to the three protections of guests, whether he be a native or a stranger.

43. The three primary graces of

welcome, agreeably to the rules of civility :—the showing of generous kindness; the showing of what shall satisfy, with respect to food and rest, so far as there may be occasion; and the arms returned back into the hand of the owner.

44. The three traits of civility, according to which guests ought to be received :—generous compassion, the established maxims of politeness, and orderly and inoffensive mirth.

45. The three beauties of hospitality and civility :—gentleness, domestick order and prudent behaviour.

46. The three blemishes of hospitality :—the being over-inquisitive, luxurious, and defamatory.

47. The three dignities of hospitality :—the benignity of customs and manners, agreeably to the dictates of politeness; praiseworthy and dignified sciences, and correct pronunciation, void of degeneracy, as to the sense and purity of the language of the Cymry and its phraseologies.

48. Three things unseemly and uncivil in a man, of every sort and degree whatever, and wheresoever, and whensoever he may be :—these are, slothfulness, churlishness, and ignorance with respect to his rank and condition.

49. Three traits that are unhand-some, uncivil, and unpolite :—a habit of swearing, a habit of lying, and malicious slander.

50. The three uncivilities, that a demon is not worse than he who commits them :—the divulging of secrecy; unpoliteness towards one who gives lodging and entertainment agreeably to the rules of liberality and benevolence; and ingratitude, where it may be required from him a return of hospitality.

51. The three unpolite acts which entirely repress civility :—the being rude towards a female, the being rude towards one eminently wise



and learned, and the being rude towards a man devoted to religion and piety.

52. The three primary objects of honour, in every salutation of politeness and civility:—a female, a man devoted to learning and science, and a man exercising the privilege and authority of a country.

53. There are three sorts of men exercising the privilege and authority of a country and civil society:—men attached to government, as are the sovereign of the commonwealth and his orderly and invested men of office; men orderly devoted to religion and piety; and teachers of civil arts and sciences, where they are invested with privilege and office; so that without these there can be no civilization in a country or nation.

54. Three things disrespectful and disgraceful in a householder, to be seen by day-light and his chimney smoaking;—a barking dog in the court-yard, thorns on his stile, or his gate shut, and a salutation at his door unanswered.

55. Three things unseemly in one who receives hospitality:—a telling of lies, an obscene expression, and a criminating or accusing of another, when not required by any person, nor by orderly cause and impelling necessity.

56. Three things, that render every man offensive in civil society, and will destroy him in the end:—craft, wrath, and greediness as to meat and drink.

57. Three unseemly habits at meal time:—excess of talking, affectation, and the praising or condemning of the meat, which ought to be received as God may send it.

58. Three most becoming qualities in a guest and a host:—cleanliness of person and dress, cleanliness of discourse, and cleanliness of manners and habit; since there cannot be civility and politeness without these qualities.

59. Three things that no one ought to accept payment for, from a stranger, or a person on his journey, who may ask for them:—milk, salt, and bread; but for other saleable things it is not uncivil to accept payment, where they are solicited for pay.

60. Three things that ought to be had freely, without pay or reward, by every man who goes on his journey:—water, fire, and shelter from the storm.

61. Three charity gifts that are due to every stranger, and necessitous person:—food, protection, and direction.

62. Three devilish and uncivil characteristics in a person:—tyranny, envy, and pride.

63. Three things from civility ought to be politely thanked for:—invitation, benefit, and present.

64. Three things that are due towards guests, as a token of respect:—to go and receive them kindly at a distance, where their coming shall be known; to welcome them complacently and honourably with all cheerfulness and generosity while they tarry; and obligingly and condescendingly to send them on their way when they depart.

*And thus conclude the Triads of civilized society: and these were extracted from the book of the old Sir Edicard Stradling, of St. Donat's Castle, by me Thomas ab Ivan, of Tre Bryn. 1685.*

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### ANECDOTE.

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From the Ladies Monthly Museum.

**T**HERE is a story of a learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge of mankind, who being commanded to preach before the Pope at the year of Jubilee, repaired to Rome a good while before the day appointed, to see the fashion of the conclave, and to accommo-



date his sermon the better to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at last cried out, with a loud and vehement voice, three times, "St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool!" and then came down from the pulpit. Being afterwards questioned before the Pope, concerning the unsuitableness of this behaviour, he made this reply—"Surely, holy father, if a cardinal may go to heaven abounding with wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at ease, and wallowing in sloth and in luxury, seldom or never preaching, then certainly St. Peter was a fool, who took such a hard way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence, and humiliation."

## POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

### APOTHEOSIS,

*On the late THOMAS M'KEAN, Governor of Pennsylvania.*

I.

ON that interminable space,  
Where souls advanced to blessedness,  
And spirits pure sojourn;  
Beyond life's severing bourne,  
A rumor loud and long was heard,  
That some distinguished shade appear'd,  
A sage or hero by his port,  
From camp, from senate, or from court,  
Just rising into view,  
From earth's dispersing mists, to heaven's  
ethereal blue.

II.

What throng is that, and whence the crowd,\*  
That swells the gratulation loud,  
Worthies of Greece or Rome?  
From every world they come,  
From Britain's self, though half his fame  
From her resisted claims, and baffled prowess  
came—  
Yet not the less her heroes burn,  
High welcome to bestow in turn,  
And hail him to the happy bowers,  
The gorgeous palaces of heaven, and the im-  
mortal towers.

III.

Heroes and patriots from each clime—  
This side the boundary of time,  
While on this earthly stage,  
His deeds deserved a page  
Of purest fame;  
Yet like yourselves the same,  
He felt detraction's dart;  
The debt we owe,  
For daring all the good we do,  
So wounding to the patriot heart!  
For who ascending to the light,  
From this terrenean bound,  
However pure his robe, or bright,  
Exempt from calumny was ever found;  
Th' obscuring smoke of hell, AND BARK OF  
THE CERBEREAN HOUND!

\* About the new arrived in multitudes,  
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know.

*Par. L. B. G. v. 26.*

IV.

Firm fortitude  
In troubles rude,  
Of counsel, or of field,  
Who only knew,  
Or with the many or the few,  
To reason or to yield.  
Such was the veteran, such his praise;  
But few are found like him, in these degene-  
rate days.

V.

For not the virtues that impart  
Its feeling to the honest heart,  
Adorn'd him less; or silver train,  
That grace the intercourse of men,  
Sincerity of thought, and truth of word,  
Such as the days of chivalry afford,  
When manners gave,  
The care of justice to the brave,  
And unstain'd honour drew his guardian  
sword.

VI.

Her urn of light,† fair science amply pour'd,  
On his enlarg'd and comprehensive mind,  
With all the flood of genius stor'd,  
That ever broke upon mankind:  
But chiefly sapient thought, and maxim wise,  
That doth from station high, and long experi-  
ence rise.

VII.

Ascend bright shade,  
And while the human form is laid,  
Low in the dust,  
An emblem of the debt that must  
By all be paid.  
We know that thy immortal sense,  
(Reward of labour here and pains,  
And painful hours,)  
Which late has left this little orb of ours,  
Tastes now felicity  
In an existence high,  
With those that heretofore have been  
The glory of our world, and sublunary scene.

†—Hither as to their fountain other stars,  
Repairing in their golden urns draw light.

*Par. L. B. 7. v. 265.*